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Paul at Sea.

Some good people go to sea because they love to go, have objects of gain or pleasure to accomplish. But Paul went to sea because he had to go. There is some difference between going as a passenger, and going as a prisoner, as Paul went. The passenger can go in the splendid packet, or magnificent steamer, recline upon velvet couches, and partake of the choicest food. But Paul the prisoner, must obey the iron will of armed men, and be subject to contempt and hardship from the proud and imperious.

I know not how Paul was provided as respects small stores, and what comforts he was able to take with him to make the passage more tolerable. But this I know, he took with him one thing, which many voyagers leave behind. I have heard the proverb: "No conscience off soundings," and I have seen that saying verily and faithfully fulfilled. So that some people leave their character at home, and when off, are to good works very indifferent, if not reprobate. But Paul's character as a good man went on board with him, and they did not part company, as I can learn, for the whole of the voyage. I take it that throughout the early part of the voyage, he must have maintained a consistent Christian character, else he could not have been able to say some things, which

he did say towards the close of it. For he boldly uttered a prophecy, which a no-conscience-off-soundings man could not have done. "There shall be no loss," said he to the tempest tossed mariners, "of any man's life among you—but of the ship." Moreover he affirmed, what a no-conscience man cannot affirm truly, that an angel of God had made him a friendly visit, and assured him of the safety of all on board—"the angel of God, whose I am, and whom I serve." "Moreover he took bread and gave God thanks, in the presence of them all." So that it is clear, that Paul and his religious character kept each other company through the voyage. It is a capital thing for people to carry a good conscience to sea with them. Tempests are shorn of their terrors by its presence, and more keenly will be relished such glories of Jehovah as the sea discloses.

I doubt if Paul knew about half yards and bowlines and all that; and question whether he was ever at sea more than once before, in his life. But the account shows he could pull a rope "with a will," if an exigency called for it, and make himself useful in any emergency. "We had much work to come by the boat. On the third day we cast out, with our own hands, the tackling of the ship." There is Paul as handy as if he were Jack himself.

And much to his credit was it, that

he had a very cheerful frame of mind at sea. Many get sour, very sour, amid the hardships and vexatious disappointments which they meet with. They fret and fume, and curse every rope in the ship. But Paul, though neither sun, nor moon, nor stars appeared for many days, and no small tempest lay on them, and all hope of being saved was taken away, had neither fretfulness or despondency. One grumbler, amid the sorrows of the sea, will set others a grumbling; so cloud after cloud will come over people's minds, and all will be black and dark *within* as it is *without*. I have seen a ship's company, one after another, fall to complaining, each adding his respective contribution of a bitter herb to the dish, till they had misery in good measure, pressed down, and running over. But Paul was an apostle of religion which speaks such good will to man, and inspires such joy and hope, that it made him put a cheerful courage on, in the midst of hearts desponding on all sides around him. And I seem to hear this loud and animating voice ringing fore and aft through the ship: "Now I exhort you to be of *good cheer!*" Does religion make people gloomy? Why the only man that had any on board the ship was Paul, and while all were cast down, he was as bright as a May morning; and he made others so, for the record runs, "Then were they all of *good cheer.*" And it was his religion that cheered him. Just hear him:—"Wherefore be of good cheer, for *I believe God*, that it shall be even as he hath told me." It does not make people gloomy, to have much to do in a loving and obedient way with God, drawing nigh to him, and going up and rising above the darkness, sin, sorrow, and despondence of this life, till, if we keep steadily on in the ascent, we shall arrive where there is nothing but eternal sunshine.

I had almost forgotten what Paul went to sea for. It was not for his health. It was not that having

got leave of his people, he went to look up the curiosities of Rome in a pleasure excursion. From the slanderous accusation of his mortal foes, the Jews, he had appealed to Cæsar, and went to sea, on his way to the emperor's tribunal at Rome. He went to get justice done, which he would have sought in vain in Judea.

About the expenses of Paul's voyage. They came not out of his own pocket. Neither were the saints burthened. It is not often that paganism pays the way in a long journey, of the servants of the true God. But it did so here, for Paul's voyage was at the expense of the government. Satan had raised a breeze against him in Judea, hoping thereby to quench this glorious gospel luminary. But he missed a figure sadly. He only caused a change of the scene of his labors, and that, too, without a farthing of cost to the laborer. It is comfortable to have paganism help Christianity after this fashion.

A word about the close of the voyage. It was a tedious and perilous one; but he finished it in sound health, and with a good conscience, and entered in safety the famous city of Rome. And what of Paul at Rome? Why, he went to work like a giant, to let Satan know that if he had gotten him driven from one part of his domains, it was only to pull down his kingdom in another. And it was not all small game either, with the Apostle! for there were found believers in "Cæsar's household."

Old Chairs at Interest.

Nobody in all the neighborhood interested me like Mr. ——; I love to think of the dear old gentleman. How pleasant was it to run into his bright little parlor, and sit by his side, hearing him talk, or talking to him; reading to him, or hearing him read; asking questions, or listening to stories of old times, when he was a boy. Though his frame bore the frosts and infirmities of threescore years and ten, they had

not chilled his heart; it was still young and fresh, and brimful of kindness. It also held his purse-strings, so that from the little parlor streamed substantial blessings, as well as hearty love; and it happened that I had occasion to know how often they found their way to the humble lodgings of a widow and her daughter.

These two were the relics of a past generation, and they seemed to be almost strangers amidst the new one which had sprung up around them. They had, in a measure, outlived their connections, their property, their early friendships, and the poor make no new friends. Few cared for them, and they cared for few. The only light which warmed or cheered them was the setting sun of days gone by. But if this warmed them, it could not feed or shelter them, or hinder the embarrassments of poverty, had not the old man's purse come to their aid; and so stately did he eke out the scanty income of the widow, that I sometimes thought he was like to make her believe that her last days were her best days. I used often to wonder why he was so thoughtful of her wants: others were not, and what claim had she upon him?

One evening, in speaking of his early struggles, he said, "When Mary and I were married, we were young and foolish, for we had nothing to be married with; but Mary was delicate, and I thought I could take care of her best. I knew I had a stout arm and a brave heart to depend upon. We rented a chamber and went to housekeeping. We got together a little furniture—a table, bedstead, dishes—but our money failed us before we bought the chairs. I told Mary she must turn up the tub, for I could not run in debt. No, no. It was not long before our rich neighbor, Mrs. M—, found us out, and kindly enough she supplied our necessities: half a dozen chairs were added to our stock. They were old ones, to be sure, but answered just as well for us. I shall never

forget the new face those chairs put on our snug quarters—they never looked just right before. The tables are turned with Mrs. M— and me now; she has become a poor widow, but she shall never want while I have any thing, never!" cried the old man, with a beaming face. "I don't forget those old chairs."

Ah, now the secret was out. It was the *interest of the old chairs* which maintained the poor widow. She was living upon an income drawn from the interest and compound interest of a little friendly act done fifty years before, and it sufficed for herself and daughter.

How beautiful is it to see how God blesses the operation of his great moral law, "Love thy neighbor;" and we should oftener see it, could we look into the hidden paths of life, and find that it is not self-interest, not riches, not fame, that binds heart to heart. The simple power of a friendly act can do far more than they. It is these, the friendly acts, the neighborly kindnesses, the Christian sympathy of one towards another, which rob wealth of its power to curse, extract the bitter from the cup of sorrow, and open wells of gladness in desolate homes. We do not always see the golden links shining in the chain of human events; but they are there, oh yes, they are there, and happy is he who feels their gentle but irresistible influence.

Do we not sometimes see people blest through channels new and unexpected, in ways and times which they thought not of, and at seasons when the blessing came like an angel unawares? We wonder, for we know not why or wherefore it comes. To us there may seem no natural connection between the spring and the stream, the giver and the gift, the good and our own desert. Could we look farther and deeper, we might possibly find it to be the compound interest of some long-forgotten kindness or affectionate counsel, of some self-denying act or fervent

prayer. To us they had as it were ceased to be, but it was only as the seed hidden in the earth, which might spring up hereafter and bear precious fruit.

Are we not our brothers' keepers; and is not this our Christian brotherhood? Shall not he that hath much give to him that hath little? From our abundance shall we not help our neighbor in his extremity? Shall not our ready sympathy lighten the cares and dispel the gloom of our fellow-traveller? Shall not the spiritual wants of our less favored brothers incite us to fresh acts of self-denial, if haply we can send to them the bread of life? Thus in the moral government of the Father of our spirits is there not preparing a treasury of means, wherein are created interests, which may run on through years or a series of years, bringing back blessings when we least expect them, and oftentimes enriching our children and our children's children, in generations to come?—*Am. Messenger.*

A Mother's Influence.

The interesting incident which we subjoin, is from the Rev. Sydney Dyer's Address on a Mother's Influence. It will be read with interest:

"While engaged in distributing tracts among the shipping in the harbor of New York, I visited a ship recently from Greenock, Scotland, in the forecastle of which I met a very aged Scotch sailor, who manifested a disposition to repel every advance, declining my tracts, and replying angrily to my questions. Feeling that one so near his end stood much in need of having his attention turned to the subject of religion, I felt unwilling to leave him, without having tried every avenue to his feelings. Knowing how proverbial Scotch mothers are for their attention to the early instruction of their children, I asked him if he had not once a mother who taught him to say his prayers and

read the Bible? The question seemed for a few moments perfectly to stun him; he stopped short, remained perfectly motionless, except the deep heaving of his bosom, and the convulsive quiver of his lips; and then throwing up his hands, exclaimed, amid a shower of tears, 'My mother! my sainted mother!' As soon as he could sufficiently compose himself, he made me sit down upon his locker, and then with a trembling voice and deep emotion related to me, how in his infancy his mother used daily to teach him the Creed, the Catechism and the Lord's Prayer, and then would kneel down and pray with him, often wetting his little cheeks with her tears. But her death, when he was quite young, left him alone in the world, and since that time he had followed the sea and a life of sin. He had raised a family, but God had taken them, and he was now alone in the world. 'But, (said he) the bitterest hour I ever saw, was the one in which my mother died; and though I have lived four-score years in sin, I still have faith to believe that my mother's prayers will be heard and answered in my behalf.' Whether this was ever the case, I know not, as I saw him no more; but the incident most forcibly illustrates the enduring nature of a mother's influence and its certain rewards."

Awful Calculation.

An ingenious, authentic, and valuable statistical work, published a few years since, states that the number of inhabitants who have lived on the earth amounts to about 36,627,843,275,075,846. The sum, the writer says, when divided by 3,096,000, the number of square leagues of land on the surface of the globe, leaves 11,320,698,732 persons to each square league. There are 27,864,000 square miles of land, which, being divided as above, gives about 1,314,522,079 persons to each square mile. Let the miles be reduced to square rods, and the number, he says, will be 1,853,173,500,-

000, which, being divided as above, gives 1,283 inhabitants to each square rod, which rod being reduced to feet and divided as above, it will give about five persons to each square foot of terra firma on the globe. Let the earth be supposed to be one vast burying ground, and according to the above statement, there will be 1,283 persons to be buried on each square rod. If we consider each square rod as capable of being divided into twelve graves, it will appear that each grave must contain 100 persons, and the whole earth has been dug one hundred times over to bury its inhabitants, supposing they had been equally distributed.

What an awful and overwhelming thought! What a lesson to human pride, to human vanity, ambition! What a lesson to the infatuated being who has centred all his hopes and affections upon the evanescent pleasures of this truly transitory life?

For the Sailor's Magazine.

S. C. Damon's Letters from Oregon.

Departure from Honolulu—Steamer Massachusetts—Sabbath at Sea, &c.

NORTH PACIFIC OCEAN, April 23. 1849.
Lat. 30° 41', Long. W. 151°.

REV. AND DEAR SIR:—

Before this letter reaches New York, you will doubtless have received a communication informing you that I was about to embark on board U. S. propeller "Massachusetts," for Oregon and California. Agreeably to that intimation I left Honolulu on Tuesday, April 17th; hence we have now been at sea six days. Having recovered from the disagreeable malady of seasickness, I improve an early opportunity to furnish you a sketch of my present situation, together with some memoranda from my "log." I think I wrote you some months since that your chaplain at Honolulu kept a "log book." I am now rapidly pursuing my way over the ocean, where it seems more appropriate to speak of keeping a "log."

It was my intention to have left Honolulu harbor on Monday, but Captain Wood of the "Massachusetts," concluded to remain another day, partially for the purpose of receiving a visit from King Kamehameha III., who returned to Honolulu the previous Saturday from a visit to Lahaina. His Majesty, accompanied by the principal officers of government, both native and foreign, paid a visit to the "Massachusetts" at 3 p. m., when Captain Wood ordered her to leave the anchorage in the inner harbor, and make a circuit of some 8 or 10 miles, outside the bar. It proved to be a mild and pleasant afternoon. After an absence of about two hours, the vessel returned to her anchorage. The chief engineer very politely accompanied the King to take a view of the machinery, wheel, and other parts of the vessel. This is the first vessel on the principle of Ericsson's propeller that has ever visited Honolulu,—indeed it is the first American steam vessel of any description that has ever been at the Islands. It was not merely the king and the officers of his government that were interested in viewing the Massachusetts. Although she remained only eight days in port, yet her gentlemanly commander allowed not only foreigners to examine her construction, but days were appointed for any among the natives to go on board who might wish. Hundreds, I may say thousands improved the opportunity. You may be a little surprised at *our* eager curiosity to see a steam-vessel! Very soon, however, steamships, steamboats and propellers will be no novelty in our Pacific waters. This ocean is to be the great theatre for steam navigation.

Propelled by steam, our noble ship left Honolulu harbor, and we were anticipating favorable winds, but soon after our sails were spread and the fires had gone out, we were becalmed. After tossing about under the lee of the Island for nearly 24 hours, our propeller was put to work, and we were soon running

off at 6 and 8 knots. How very convenient to be passenger on board a vessel adapted to both steam and wind. In a few hours we were in a region of winds, which blew strong and favorable for four days.

The Massachusetts I find to be an excellent sea-vessel, and moves along very quietly. She has now on board companies L, and M, U. S. artillery, accompanied by their officers, bound to Oregon. Each company numbers 75 soldiers and noncommissioned officers.—These, with their officers, and the crew and officers of the vessel, swell the whole number on board to rising 200 souls. Thirteen of the soldiers are accompanied by their wives. It is quite remarkable that no deaths have taken place on board, except in the case of two young children, shortly after the vessel left New York. On her way out she has touched at Rio, Valparaiso, and Honolulu. The remarkable health among soldiers and seamen, is undoubtedly attributable to the excellent management of Captain Wood, and of Dr. Holden.

On Friday and Saturday of last week, the wind blew strong and the sea was quite rough. Others may not have thought of it, but I was fearful we should not be able to hold divine service upon the Sabbath. I knew it would be altogether impracticable if our rugged weather continued. Quite early Sabbath morning I was on deck, and to my joyful surprise it was one of the most mild and pleasant mornings imaginable. We were quietly sailing along at 3 or 4 knots, the sea was quite smooth, the atmosphere clear, and both sky and sun seemed to indicate that it was to be a day for rest. On going below I chanced to take up "The Bethel Flag," the volume of sermons recently published by Dr. Spring, for the benefit of seamen. On opening to the first discourse, I was particularly struck with its commencement:—"There is a moral sublimity in a Sabbath at sea. The landsman conjectures it, paints it; while the devout seaman feels it; there are aspirations here

felt, felt nowhere else." Yes—thought I—it is even so. No one who has never looked out upon "the dark, deep blue ocean" on a holy Sabbath morning can fully appreciate the above quoted paragraph. At 10 A.M. the soldiers were all mustered for inspection, and at half past 10, the word was passed to my state room by Captain Wood, that all were ready for Divine service. Our spacious quarter-deck was covered by an awning—and the ship's company was assembled for worship. I hope the time spent was not altogether unprofitable. I endeavored to show that the Gospel was no cunningly devised fable, (2 Peter i: 16.)

The remainder of the day passed quietly away. I could not but frequently compare our situation with that of numerous other assemblies met for the same purpose. During the day we made but little progress, but in the night a fresh wind sprung up, and this morning we were rapidly coursing our way to Oregon. Yours truly,

S. C. DAMON.

BIBLE ANECDOTE.—The following is published in French newspapers:

A poor shepherd of the environs of Yvetot, father of a large family, for whose wants he provided with very great difficulty, purchased last summer from a dealer in old clothes, furniture, &c., an old Bible, with a view to occupy his leisure evenings during the present winter. Sunday evening, as he was turning over the leaves, he noticed that several of the leaves were pasted together. He immediately set himself to work to separate those leaves, with great care; but one can scarcely form a conception of the surprise of the man, when he found thus carefully inclosed a bank bill of five hundred francs, (\$100.) On the margin of one of the pages were written these words:

"I gathered together this money with very great difficulty; but having none as natural heirs but those who have absolutely need of nothing. I make thee, whosoever shall read this Bible, my heir."



Wreck of the U. S. Ship Peacock.

For the Sailor's Magazine.

Columbia River Bar.

Approach to the Northwest Coast—Extracts from a "Chaplain's Log-Book"—Arrival at Astoria, &c. &c.

ASTORIA, OREGON, May 10, 1849.

REV. AND DEAR SIR:—

My last communication was dated at sea, on my passage from the Islands to Oregon. After a quick passage of 21 days, we safely crossed the bar of the Columbia, and anchored in Baker's Bay. The day following, which was yesterday, we proceeded up the river to this point, where we now lie at anchor, waiting for the tide. A vessel, the "John W. Cater," came down yesterday, bound to San Francisco; she is also detained, so that I am favored with an opportunity, which I shall improve, to keep you informed of my progress. During our passage from the Island, we had rather cold and uncomfortable weather, the thermometer sinking to about 50°. Although you might not deem this cold, yet it appeared so to me, as I have rarely known it at the Islands lower than 60°. Nothing of special interest occurred during our passage. The weather did not allow us to hold divine service but on

one of the three Sabbaths we were out. I, however, freely distributed papers and tracts among the soldiers, who appeared very glad to receive them.

I know not that I can furnish anything more interesting than some extracts from my "Log."

May 6th, Sabbath. And how unlike a Sabbath on shore! The weather was cold and rainy, so that it would be altogether impracticable to hold divine service on deck, and the ship otherwise would not be convenient for religious services. Although unable to get an observation to-day, yet we suppose ourselves fast approaching the coast. This evening the captain ordered preparations to be made for coming to an anchor.

Monday morning, May 7th. This morning at 11 o'clock, we "sighted" land, just 20 days from Honolulu. The captain for two days, not being able to obtain an observation, judges that we are to the north of the mouth of the River, hence, as we approached the land our vessel was steered to the south. Drift-wood occasionally passed us. Sea-fowls were abundant, and some of our sportsmen on board were for trying their skill; but

"High o'er the restless deep, above the reach
Of gunner's hope, vast flights of wild duck
stretch,
Far as the eye can glance on either side."

The coast presented a most uninviting aspect. Dense forests came down to the water's edge. Fog and mist shut out the view of the back country. During the afternoon we lay becalmed off what was supposed to be Shoal Water Bay. The appearance of the land, in some respect, resemble that laid down upon the charts about the River, and we learn that some vessels have actually entered the Bay supposing it the mouth of the Columbia River. Towards evening we commenced steaming, the first time since finally quitting the Islands.

May 8th. With a thankful heart, I sit down to record the events of this day; our vessel having safely crossed the much dreaded Columbia River Bar, and being now quietly at anchor in Baker's Bay. Early this morning we found ourselves off the mouth of the River; guns were fired and we waited some hours for a pilot to come off, but none made his appearance. It was a time of much anxiety to our excellent commander Capt. Wood, as neither himself or any one on board had ever been here before. On our first approaching the Bar, breakers extended across from Cape Disappointment to Point Adams. They looked wild and frightful, although the sea was comparatively calm. It was no difficult thing to imagine how sublime and terrific the scene must appear in a gale, hence I can fully subscribe to the sentiments expressed by Mr. Wilkes, in his narrative of the Exploring Expedition: "Mere description can give little idea of the terrors of the bar of the Columbia. All who have seen it, have spoken of the wildness of the scene, and the incessant roar of the waters, representing it as one of the most fearful sights that can possibly meet the eye of the sailor."

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Anxious thoughts were the tenants of more than one heart on

board the "Massachusetts." Some who had braved the Mexicans in the field of battle were not altogether at ease, as they gazed upon the rollers breaking on the bar, yet anxiously hoping that we might safely pass without disaster. We knew not what might be before us, for we were not ignorant of the fact that within a few years, no less than four vessels had become total wrecks, near the very spot we expected to pass, and we were ready to say,

"Not here the stoutest boat
Can through such breakers or such billows
float."

Yet in the good Providence of God we were safely brought on our way. Our captain is deserving of all praise for his sound judgment and excellent seamanship. Although he had "directions" from an old sea captain who had crossed the bar previously, yet much, *very much* depended upon his presence of mind and good judgment in the moment of danger. Old residents on shore have expressed themselves much rejoiced that a strange shipmaster should be able to navigate so large a vessel in safety over the bar.

Soon after coming to anchor our vessel was visited by a canoe of 10 Chinook Indians, and I must say, I never saw more miserable specimens of human nature. One appeared to be a Chief, but I thought if such the leader, miserable must be his people! I learned that about 30 only compose this tribe. A few miles farther up the river there is a settlement of some 200 or 300, among whom now dwells a Catholic Priest. It was sad to witness the eagerness of the poor Indian to obtain rum! They could get none, however, on board our vessel. The captain bought of them a few good brant. After supper, I landed near Cape Disappointment. We were welcomed at the house of a person in the employ of the Hudson Bay Company. He is a Red River Indian, (half-caste), but speaks English remarkably well. His house was neat and com-

fortable. His boy furnished us with seats at a good stove, well heated. His wife was quite industriously sewing moccasins. The only books I saw in his house were an "English Bible," "Prayer-book" and a copy of "Webster's Spelling Book," printed, however, at Oregon city. During my rambles on shore it was pleasant, and suggested many pleasing recollections to see the strawberry and raspberry blossoms, and other products of the soil such as flourish upon the hills and in the valleys of New England.

Here I break off extracts from my "Log" for the present, merely adding that yesterday we had a safe run to this place. Astoria is a small village, and although much has been written about it by Washington Irving and others, yet it is composed of only 15 or 20 small wood houses, (some very small.) The male part of the population has gone to dig for gold in California. Their families remain behind. Last evening I took tea at General Adair's, collector of the port, who welcomed us with true Kentuckian hospitality. He has an excellent wife and fine family of children. They are Presbyterians, and were desirous of my remaining over the Sabbath; but we expect to leave this afternoon, to proceed on our way up the river.

Yours truly,
SAMUEL C. DAMON.

Chaplain on the Thames.

In my visitation of the shipping on the river Thames, and in the London, St. Katharine, East and West India Docks, the City, Surrey, and Regent Canals, I have frequently held conversations with owners of ships, captains, mates, seamen, and cabin boys. Nor have the various grades of bargemen and lightermen on the river been passed by; for I have happily found amongst those men very many who are the subjects of Divine grace, and who give full evidence of their love to God, by their consistent walk and conversa-

tion. I have this past month met several from the inland navigation barges who have attended my Bethel meetings; some of whom have most devoutly engaged in prayer amongst us, and we have found it good thus to meet together.

There are some circumstances that I cannot pass over, as proofs of the work of God upon the minds of our seafaring brethren. On visiting the vessels in Millhole tier one morning, during the past month, I met a captain of a vessel whom I had known to be hostile to our endeavors in holding Bethel meetings, &c., and to my very great astonishment he kindly invited me to come down into the cabin. Before I had time to speak, he thus addressed me:—"I am glad to see you on board the L——. I am sorry I have behaved so unkindly to you in times past, and treated you so coolly. I hope never to do so again. Give me your hand, Sir, and forget and forgive the past; and now, from this time, whilst I command this vessel, whenever it is convenient, you can hoist the Bethel flag. I have experienced a great change since I last saw you. At a Bethel meeting, held on board a vessel in Bugsby's Hole, where I attended about four months since, I was convinced of my sinful ways, and led to seek for mercy, which mercy, I trust, I have found. I find now what you once told me is true, that there is no happiness out of Christ; but, thanks be to God, I find there is comfort and happiness in Christ."

Interrupting my friend for a moment, I said, "I am glad to hear all this, and hope to hear more yet; but shall the Bethel flag be hoisted this morning at the mast-head of the L——?" "Certainly," said the captain; and he instantly rang the bell to order the mate to hoist the Bethel flag.

Further conversation took place of a very pleasing character, and at seven p.m., our Bethel meeting was held. It was one, I trust, long to be remembered by many. My friend, the captain, after many

tears, began to pray, for the first time, in public. I shall never forget the first expression of his prayer, "Lord, help a poor sinner to pray!" and so affected was he, that he had at intervals to stop and give vent to his feelings by tears.

I could not refrain from weeping whilst kneeling by his side. I addressed them from the words "Behold, he prayeth." It was a solemn time, and, I trust, will be made a blessing to those that were then assembled. Five seamen afterwards engaged in prayer.

Whilst visiting ships in the West India docks, I met two colored men on board of one ship, with whom, after I had given them tracts (for which they appeared very thankful), I held some conversation. I asked the eldest, who was, probably, about twenty-four years of age, "Do you, my young friend, know anything about Jesus Christ?" "Oh yes," he replied, "I tink I know he be my Saviour. Jesus savey me, poor negro man. Dis I know, he good to me; teachee me read good books; teachee me pray; teachee me love good people; teachee me love him, too." "Well," I said, "I am glad to hear you say all this."

Then, addressing the younger, I said, "I hope you also can tell me something about Christ." He replied, "I not speak much—I not say much Englishe—I speak dat Juse Christe do much good for me; I very glad for what he do; he washee not dis hand, not dis face, not dis head, but he take poor heart and washee dat, and mak him white like (what you call dat?) snow." "Well, then," said I, "you both believe in Christ Jesus for salvation." "Me b'lieve! oh, yes, me b'lieve," said one; and then the other, with joy beaming in his countenance, said, "Me always much glad when some good peoples speak of Christ. Me love to know some more tell of Christ! Oh, my Christ, savey poor me; be good to poor me; he die for poor me; I wish love him much." I found these two men were mem-

bers of a Baptist Chuch at Sierra Leone. One had been a convert about four and the other about seven years. The mate of the ship informed me he believed they were both sincere Christian men. I gave them tracts, being highly gratified with the interview. Their vessel was about soon to sail for Gambia. Having a few spare minutes from labor, we repaired into the forecastle, where I commended them to God in prayer. Thus parting with my two colored brethren, whom, I trust, the great Head of the Church will keep faithful unto death.

Never Cross a Bridge till you come to it.

"Never cross a bridge until you come to it!" was the counsel usually given by a patriarch in the ministry to troubled and over-careful Christians. Are you troubled about the future? Do you see difficulties rising in Alpine range along your path? Are you alarmed at the state of your business—at the uncertainties hanging over your life—at the dubious prospects in reserve for your children—at the gloomy contingencies which fancy sketches and invests with a sort of life-like reality—at the woes which hang over the cause of the Redeemer, or at any other earthly evil! Do not cross that bridge until you come to it. Perhaps you will never have occasion to cross it; and if you do, you may find that a timid imagination has overrated greatly the toil to be undergone, or has underrated the power of that grace which can lighten the Christian's every labor. In approaching the Notch of the White Mountains from one direction, the traveller finds himself in the midst of conical hills, which seem to surround him as he advances, and forbid further progress. He can see but a short distance along his winding road; it seems as if his journey must stop abruptly at the base of these barriers. He begins to think of turning back his horse,

to escape from hopeless enclosure among impassable barriers. But let him advance, and he finds that the road curves around the frowning hill before him, and leads him into other and still other straits, from which he finds escape simply by advancing. Every new discovery of a passage around the obstructions of his path teaches him to hope in the practicability of his road. He cannot see far ahead at any time; but a passage discovers itself as he advances. He is neither required to turn back, nor to scale the steep sides of towering hills. His road winds along, preserving for miles almost an exact level. He finds that nothing is gained by crossing a bridge before he comes to it! Such is often the journey of life. How much of its toilsome ruggedness would be relieved by careful attention to the above admonition! *Never cross a bridge until you come to it!* Or, to express the same counsel in a form that does not involve the charge of a Hibernicism, "Be careful for nothing; but in everything, by prayer and supplication, with thanksgiving, let your requests be made known unto God, and the peace of God, 'which passeth all understanding,' shall keep (garrison) your hearts and minds through Christ Jesus."—*Independent.*

From the London Sailor's Magazine.

The Relative position of Seamen in Society.

II.

Can nothing be done, I am tempted to ask, to alter this state of things in the sailor's position which I have described? *Cannot* he be brought to share the ordinary relations and responsibilities of social man? This isolation—the separate chapel, the separate boarding-house—perhaps it is the best plan for the present; nay, I think it is—but I would venture to suggest to the benevolent friends of the sailor, whether they should not look to something beyond; whether the present plan should not be regard-

ed as a transition state; whether these arrangements, so improving to the seafaring man, may not be a school to prepare him to enter into new relations to society? What need will there be ultimately of this clanship on shore? What need of the peculiar dress that now marks out this class? Why may it not fall and blend, like other classes, into the general mass? Suppose that it becomes enlightened and correct in manners and life, and with what advantage may it mix with general society? How much will the voyager have to communicate of what he has seen abroad; how much to learn of what has been done at home! Nay, why may not the sailor marry? Why may he not have wife and children? He is as able to support them, with their co-operation, as other laborers are to do the same thing. And he need not be a rover through the wide world. He may sail to and from the same port, and, for aught that I can see, in the same ship. And then, I would urge the sailor to husband his means; not to squander them in foolish expenses, but to lay up something for the future. Something of this, indeed, is already done; and it gives me the utmost satisfaction to know that sailors avail themselves, to some extent, of Savings Banks established for their benefit. Let this good habit grow. It is useful to every man's character to make a provision for the future. It is a bond to virtue. It makes an encouraging prospect. It is a sad thing to think of spending one's old age in a workhouse. Why may not the sailor have a home of his own for his declining days?

I have thus attempted to spread out a little the case of the seafaring man, and to plead his claim to something better than that sad isolation in which he lives—even to a place in the kindly relations of society. I have referred to his peculiar situation, to his hardships and temptations as an argument for consideration and forbearance.

Poor, neglected, uneducated, an outcast from the civilization amidst which he lives; treated by society as a minor, a ward, a froward and reckless child; wileless, childless, homeless, a wanderer on the sea, a prey to every imposition and seduction on shore—is it strange that he should have become a degraded being? Society is apt to look upon this result, which is its own work, or the effect of circumstances which it has taken no pains to control, as a matter of course, or as the product of some blind necessity; but could there be a greater mistake? “The sailor *will* be a sailor,” it says, and thus ends its catechism of duty. But surely there is a larger view, and this case of conscience is not to be so briefly settled.

Society cannot with impunity neglect *any* of its members. There is never a wrong but there comes a retribution in its train. If we turn from the poor and the vicious, and say to their cry, what concern is it of ours, Providence will not accept that answer at our hand. We must pay taxes for them, if we will pay nothing better. If we crush down man to be a slave, then, as a retribution to *us*, he is shorn of half his faculties and of his power to serve society. And if we leave the sailor to be the victim of his condition, our commerce must suffer for it. How many ships has intemperance lost? The answer is given in a plain matter of fact. Five per cent. on the premium for insurance is deducted on ships that carry no alcohol. The cause of Christianity in heathen lands suffers grievously for the vices of seafaring men. On all pagan shores our missionaries complain of this influence. Our missionary funds are half wasted from this cause. How natural the inference of unchristianised people against our religion! They reason from what they see. A missionary is sent among them to teach them a better religion than their own. *He* is a good man: grant it. Yes, they say, but this is the priest; what sort of people, what sort of parishioners has he? And, lo! a

throng of wild, lawless, dissolute, drunken sailors! The conclusion is fatal.

I appeal then most seriously and earnestly against the neglect of this class of our fellow-men.

I appeal to justice and humanity, first. If the class of seamen must be isolated from the rest of the world; if this is a necessary state of things—and at any rate it is the actual and permitted state of things; if for society’s sake they are cut off from the healthful and restraining relations of society; if the commerce of the world cannot be carried on but at this tremendous sacrifice and exposure; then, I say, we are bound to do all in our power to relieve this condition, to compensate this sacrifice, to counteract this danger. Are we willing that every cargo that is landed on our wharves should cost the welfare of a soul?—for that is no undue proportion, as trade has been carried on. Are we willing that our food, clothing, comfort or luxury, brought from the other side of the world, should be purchased at this expense? Alas! how many of the enjoyments of the world are obtained on this terrible condition! On how many of our garments is the spot of blood! On how many of them fall the sweat and tears of uncompensated toil! Into how many of our luxuries is infused the smart of human anguish! We do not bring this near to us, else we could not bear it. Were a family to single out one of its members, and say to him, “Be a wanderer and a vagabond, that we may have tea from China, and spices from the islands, and fruits from Italy, and silks from France, and bread-stuffs from America;” would they not, ere they could finish that dread commission, say, “No! no—we can do without them. No; let us live in our simplicity rather.” Yet neither is this necessary. But it is necessary that we do something to take off the curse that has rested for ages on the sailor’s vocation. We have heard much of “sailors’ rights.” This is his great

right; a right to moral justice, a right to some compensatory arrangements to protect him against perils incurred for the common benefit. If a library, or a school, or a church, or a “Sailor’s Home,” will tend to answer that purpose, it would be but a measure of justice for society to provide it.

I appeal next in his behalf to the great social interest. What is it? Not commerce, not luxury, not clothing of purple and fine linen; but the improvement of all its members, the mutual influence of all its classes, the kindly consideration of all its relations.

The sailor has noble elements to bring into society, if we would receive them. He is a brave-hearted and generous being; there is nothing knavish or little about him. The son of the ocean has his faults, but meanness is not among them. On the bosom of that mighty mother he has not learnt the petty, trading ways of the world; to cog, and cheat, and crouch, “and smile, and smile, and be a villain.” I would welcome such an element among us. I would that into the narrow and choking avenues of selfish calculation and barter should come a breath from “the great and wide sea,” a breeze that has swept the soundless deep, and that should not merely cast vile seaweed, like the sailor’s wages, upon our shore, but should spread freshness and purity through our tainted atmosphere.

The sailor is a confiding and trustful man. I have heard it said that the old seaman is never an infidel. How should he be—power all around him, with mighty heavings and storm-voices; and over his head the alphabet of religion written by the finger of God? I would welcome his faith, his simple believing into our churches, and take him by the hand, as one who had seen God’s wonders in the deep, and had felt that *His* footsteps are not measured by any narrow, paltry, exclusive sectarianism.

There is another view of the seamen’s relation to society that

deserves to awaken an interest in him and in his fortunes. Lonely as he seems in the world, there are those, in the home of his childhood, who feel for him, and whose prayers follow him in his trackless and unknown wanderings over the deep. The aged hand is yet there, perhaps, which once wrought the garments that were to shield him from the wintry blast—tears falling upon them the while, at thoughts of the hardships and dangers he was to encounter. The eyes of kindred yet look out from those far homes for their lost one; and few on earth are such prayers and blessings as those which shall be there poured out upon the good and Christian men who befriend, and comfort, and save that son, that brother.

O. D.

“Ah! was it not murderous?”

*A Funeral Sermon preached to Murderers.**

“Yes; you have conquered, you have got the victory over us—and there (pointing to the coffin in which lay the remains of an unfortunate victim of intemperance) there is your trophy. We yield: and as you go and stand about that newly-opened grave and commit your fellow to the place of the dead, there you may triumph. You have offered him a victim to the shrine of your god, and now you may exult. The dark habiliments of this weeping circle—the downcast looks, the suppressed sigh of a father; the tears and broken heart of a mother; these four orphans, helpless and destitute; the tears, the groans and distractions of a bereaved wife, whose husband rose with the last sun, in life and vigor, but before that sun had scarcely passed his meridian, the announcement of her husband’s death burst like a thun-

* This is substantially the discourse delivered on the occasion. The preacher was unexpectedly called on to officiate, with but one or two hours’ notice. He wrote it out as nearly as possible, shortly after his return home, and in this form it is submitted to your judgment whether its publication may subserve the cause of temperance. It was designedly personal—all the parties referred to were present. S. D.

derbolt on her ears—and soon the footsteps of men approach her dwelling with the lifeless corpse—these things, I say, proclaim the deed that is done, and loudly demand that we inquire by whom it has been done?"

Death has done it; a common casualty; a dispensation of providence! But does this satisfy us?—Has there been no guilty instrumentality in this direful scene? The present is too big with a melancholy interest to be allowed to pass without notice and a moral.

Far be it from me to reflect here on the deceased. The deed is done. We cannot reverse it. But we may derive from it a lesson of instruction for the living. We must not be silent—if we hold our peace the stones will cry out. Nor would I utter a syllable that shall give an unnecessary pang to the relatives. You will bear with me, my afflicted friends, while I advert to the more recent history of the deceased, and to some of the circumstances which have brought him to his untimely end.

I first knew Leonard Cutting some eight or ten weeks since; and my only acquaintance has been with a commendable part of his character. He called on me in March last, and having told me who he was, immediately remarked that his call was of a character that I should not expect, if I knew his former history. "I have come to join your temperance society." Recalling that I was happy to see him on so good an errand, I asked him what had induced him to take this step. He said he had been very intemperate, and was fully aware that his habits would ruin his family, and kill himself; and added, he was determined to stop. He alluded not so much to the general and final ruin which his frequent intoxication would bring on him, as to certain alarming fits, which he knew originated in his habits of drinking. I commended his good resolution, and his name was entered on the list of the temperate.

Nothing could have rejoiced the

heart of his wife more sincerely. His kindred and friends—he was of respectable and pious parentage, and numbered among his relatives many worthy persons—now took courage that he had made a late escape from the vortex of ruin. None but a parent or a wife can appreciate their anxieties for his reformation—their joys when they heard he had burst the chains of the beastly habit and gave signs of a return to a sober and industrious life, and their apprehensions lest he should fall.

Leonard Cutting became a sober man. His wife was made happy—his friends hoped and feared—his children, though too young to know what they had lost when the monster laid his withering hand on their father, or what they had gained when the chain was broken, now opened their eyes on brighter prospects. An aged father, whose gray hairs looked with sorrow to the grave, dared now hope that all was not blighted in ignominy and death, and as hope gleamed through the dark cloud, was there a heart that did not rejoice? Must we believe there was a human being, so callous, so selfish as not to rejoice if Leonard Cutting might escape the precipice which had so nearly been his ruin. Was there a being in the shape of man, capable, if he could, of arresting the progress of a reformation fraught with so much good, and nothing but good, while he knew that the opposite course was only evil? Yes,—though we blush to own the kindred—there are such degenerate plants of human kind.—We have awful evidence of it here. Our testimony lies in that coffin—the record of misery and blood in yonder grog shop.

Leonard Cutting should not be a temperate man—and why? He could not be intemperate. It was conceded on all sides that drinking would kill him.—Why then, not let him be temperate? But no, it was decreed, and could not be; though all that is sweet in life plead for his exemption; though the wants and woes of a wife and four dear babes

plead that he might be spared. It could not be—it was decreed—the rum-seller had decreed it—his rum drinking companions had decreed it, and would have it so.

The Temperance Society, too, must needs be opposed—though it be at the expense of making a destitute widow and casting her innocent babes on the cold compassion of the world. Leonard Cutting became a devoted man. He had deserted the ranks of their king. He must return, or die. They ply him with sneer, with sarcasm, call him "a cold water man," a slave to the priest, a dupe of priestcraft.—They revive old scenes, take him to oft frequented places, and into the company of the wretched inmates of the bar-room and the grog-shop, and defy him once more to be a *man*. They know the inflammability of his tindered appetite, and if they can touch it with the fire of alcohol in any of its forms, they have gained their point. He was not a tototaler. They know the vulnerable point—attack him with wine, and he falls. Some say, however, that they hastened their work by clandestinely mingling whiskey with the wine. Whether done in this particular instance, it is unnecessary to affirm, but that this is a mode of attack practised by the enemies of the Temperance Reform in this place, is a fact you cannot contradict and expect to be credited.

Suffice it to say, Leonard Cutting was overcome. He had long been the slave of appetite. We stop not to inquire how much guilt he incurred in forming the appetite, but contemplate him only as the victim of it—held fast in its iron fetters. He had nobly burst his fetters, and many a heart rejoiced in his freedom. But the foe lay in ambush; he was surprised and taken in their murderous net. Ah! was it not murderous? He had escaped from the wreck of a sinking vessel—the raging billows spared him, but his own species—his *friends*, devoured him on the shore.

He resumed his old habits, and

soon followed another of his fits. He survived this, drank again, became intoxicated, slept off the fumes, rose on the following morning before his fellows, (he slept that night on the beach,) took a skiff to go to his fishing boat, but never reached it. The skiff was seen floating with the paddles alongside, but no one in it. The unfortunate man was found dead in the water not two feet deep. No one doubts that his system, still tremulous and unnerved by the potions of the preceding night, became the easy prey of another fit, and he fell a helpless victim into the water.

We are now prepared to inquire, where are we to charge the guilt of this untimely death? There is enormous guilt somewhere. Had he remained a temperate man, this would not have happened. We may say he ought to have remained so—every inducement urged him to steadfastness in his pledge. But situated as he was—acted on by such influences, who would have stood? They that decoyed him away and tempted him to ruin, expected he would yield. They calculated with the same precision they have in previous cases, and were not disappointed. He fell—he is dead. And here we pause to ask the dealer in rum who sold him the fatal draught, what part of the guilt he is prepared to bear in this murderous tragedy? What has your conscience to answer why sentence against you should not be pronounced? Go, look on that lifeless body and tell me if you do not read your guilt there written in letters of blood. Did you not know when you filled his bottle, that you were contributing in the most effectual way you could to the death of that poor man! When you pocketed the paltry price of the deadly article, did you not know it would, in all probability, prove the price of blood? Yet you did it!

And what share in this guilty, cruel deed will the companions of the unfortunate man take? When you decoyed him, when for your hate against a good cause you flattered, ridiculed, deceived, brow-beat the

victim, you knew your success would in all probability cost the poor man his life. Yet you did it. If you can calmly look on the scene before you and feel no guilty compunctions of conscience, we do not envy you. We know not that you will feel the retributive justice of a righteous God.

In the above short history of the deceased, we have a practical illustration: first, of what Temperance if allowed, would do; and second, what its enemies would do if allowed to triumph. They have triumphed and we see what they have done. Leonard Cutting tried to be a temperate man. He made one desperate struggle to break from the bondage of strong drink, and of intemperate companions. He would again be a man a husband, a father, a respectable citizen. But he is overcome. The rising hopes of his wife are dashed. She is clothed in mourning, and left with these little ones to buffet the storms of life alone. Her children are fatherless and unprovided for, and she must henceforth drink the bitter waters of affliction.—*Litchfield Enquirer.*

An American Captain.

Among the recent visitors to Ireland, was one whom no fame of aristocratic station or political achievement accompanied, but whom the unassuming pursuit of a humane object renders worthy of honorable notice. The individual alluded to is Captain Knight, of the American ship New World, an esteemed friend of Father Mathew, and a gentleman highly respected in his own country. From the urgent requirements of an active profession, this excellent man contrived to spare time for a brief tour through the south. Captain Knight was actuated by a two-fold object; he wished to see the native country of the poor people among whom, in leaving their own for another land, he had observed many bright virtues gleaming out from their misfortunes, and to judge himself of the causes of their condition, and also to pay a visit to our world-

famed Killarney. During his sojourn, he went about among the humblest persons, inquiring, advising, and endeavoring to inspire them with hope in their own exertions. Wherever he met a school-house, Capt. Knight made it a point to enter it, and endeavored to impress upon the children the necessity of cleanliness and an abhorrence of beggary; leaving in each case a sum of money as a reward for such of them of both sexes as should distinguish themselves most within a certain period by attention to his exhortations. Above all he urged upon every child, that they should die rather than beg. A proof how much effect a little kindness has on the minds of the peasantry, was afforded in the fact, that wherever he was seen a second time, he was recognised with expressions of the utmost thankfulness and respect. Captain Knight frequently stated his impression that an Irishman was capable of becoming the greatest man in the world. The element of fun, he said, which our countrymen possess in such abundance, was the rarest of all gifts. As the result of his whole observation, he declared himself more fully determined in the conviction, that it was but necessary for the Irish to "go ahead" themselves, using self-respect and self-reliance, and that no power on earth could resist them. On all occasions, he advocated the principle of independent energy in the most ardent manner. The character of this enlightened stranger gained him during his short stay a very high degree of esteem. His clear and active intelligence, pure morality, a humility more consonant to unobtrusive merit than to justice, and a fine warm atmosphere of philanthropy environing all, excited among those who happened to meet him, a feeling of admiration for the man, and for the nation which has given such men to the occupations of commercial life.—*Cork Examiner.*

WHO ever knew a driver to commit a blunder that he did not wallop his horse for it?

NAVAL JOURNAL.

The "Long Low Black Schooner."

BY TIM TALFELLOW, ESQ.

It had been a 'dirty night,' blowing and raining terrifically in squalls and dark as Tartarus; and the morning veiled in a canopy of heavy rolling clouds, was little better. The wind had fallen, but a huge sea tossed us mercilessly, and a thick mist circumscribed our vision to within a few yards around our ship. As the day advanced, the clouds were dissipated, until at last, as is often the case in the transitions of weather at sea, the misty curtain which surrounded us rose suddenly, as if at the fiat of elemental power.

The cry of 'sail ho!' was almost immediately heard from the forecastle deck, and to the call of 'Where-away?' from the officer of the deck, which always follows such an announcement, it was answered in the same hearse voice, 'Four points on the lee bow, sir;' and turning our eyes in that direction we discovered a vessel already 'hull up,' and seemingly not far off. The distance might have been a couple of miles; near enough if in clear weather, to have been easily distinguished in every particular by the aid of glasses; but seen as she was, through the half melting haze, not so readily reduced to shape, form and exactitude of character. At first she looked huge and clumsy, looming in the partial light like the wandering ghost of the 'Flying Dutchman'; then small and trim; and bye and bye, still more diminutive and quite plainly a schooner.

The sight of a sail is one of the most exciting objects of a sea life; a companion in darkness, a fellow traveller upon the desert, is not more welcome; not all the wonders of the deep have half its thrill-

ing interest! Conjectures are rife; her what and what-about being a new subject, with all the advantage of a chance matter, which at all times enhances the gratification of a pleasure.

'Where can she be from?' 'Where bound?' were the questions immediately asked.

'I cannot imagine,' said our captain. 'I don't see how a craft like that could get here—what the mischief can she be about?'

'It may be a small vessel,' observed another, 'bound to Algoa Bay, or into the Mozambique Channel.'

'Impossible; our latitude to-day will be over forty-two—more than seven degrees to the southward of La Ghullas!'

'Perhaps an express packet from England for India?'

'Even then,' again rejoined the captain, 'with a skiff like that, one might fancy the fellow would work round close in with the—land in smooth water.'

Every suggestion was maturely discussed, but none seemed entirely satisfactory. There was still a something wanting to confirm the argument. At one time, so small did she look, that we suddenly fancied she might be the launch of some large vessel that had foundered in this tempestuous part of the ocean, and might contain the remnant of her crew, who had thus saved themselves!—and immediately we pictured a scene of distress and suffering that might naturally have been the consequence of such an event—of weeping, and wailing, and nakedness, and fear; of exhaustion from exposure; madness from thirst; of starvation itself, and all the haggard horrors wh ch the combinations of such a spectacle must have presented.

There might be women aboard too! for in the mass of migration from England to her colonies, particularly on this route 'beyond the cape,' where lie India, the jewel of her crown, and the colonies of Australia—the giant progeny of an ever-teeming mother—the number who embark upon the ocean for other dwelling places would astonish our own home-keeping and home-loving country-women who dream of the north and the south, the east and the west, as of a day's journey, and of the sea as of a far-off and fearful road! Scarce a ship from England passes the Cape without them:—daughters returning to parents after an education 'at home,' as England is fondly termed by them, though born upon the soil of its most distant dependency; wives to husbands, after a visit for the restoration of impaired health; friends rejoining friends, and relatives to be reunited; and not unfrequently, the betrothed going forth in the palpitating expectancy of a consummation of her plighted faith with one whose fortunes have united him with a distant region. Such thoughts as these carried the picture which our imaginations had drawn to the highest pitch. But on looking again and more narrowly, we discovered that our little schooner was well and sufficiently rigged; her sails were well fitted and well set; nothing in her appearance indicated haste or emergency, nor had she any of the usual signals of distress flying.

'It cannot be,' cried the first to observe these distinctions; 'there can be no jury-rig about that craft!—twig her gaff-topsail and flying jib!'

'You are right,' answered the captain; 'she is dandy from truck to heel!'

And with these unanswerable arguments we were fain to give pity to the winds for lack of substance.

Another conjecture was now started—altogether new.

'I'll tell you,' cried the captain, with an arch curl upon his lip, the

expression of a self-complacency which always announced the conception of a thought that he fancied particularly cunning; 'I'll tell you now what she is,—a little fellow out of Cape Town, bound round to the Mauritius, with wine, fruit, grain, and such like notions.'

And there seemed to be something so extremely probable in this, from the known commercial relations of the two places, that the idea was immediately adopted as a matter of entire certainty.

'Fruit—butter—fresh eggs,' muttered one, as he walked slowly down the quarter-deck.

'Butter and fresh eggs, did you say?' whispered another; 'softly my sweet fellow—softly.' And by a microscopic vision there might have been seen in both, at the usual point of articulation between the mouth and well-turned-up whisker, what Charles Lamb, in his sweet essay on roast pig, calls 'an involuntary moistening of the nether lip.'

Upon a long voyage, men grow imaginative in the gratification of their palates. Amid the sorry realities of musty biscuit, salt beef and pork, and such halting, half-starved semblances of ducks and chickens as have lived through hard weather and confinement long enough for the sacrificial knife, the sense becomes a sort of spirituality, subsisting on the recollections of better fare. The idea of freshness, even in a head of garlic, comes upon it like gurgling water upon the thirsty traveller; and with the delectable visions now before us, it was then all glee. The chattering petrels about us were not more gladsome. If we had before been delighted by the mere sight of a wayfarer like ourselves upon the waste of waters, the pleasure was now tenfold in the expectation of greeting him. The idea too, of intelligence from the living and breathing world, from which we had been so long excluded, had in it something very cheering:—a feeling which none can appreciate who have never endured the heavy

incarceration of the seas. Our friend was still at some distance, and over a heavy head sea with the wind extremely light, we approached but slowly. As we came nearer, however, there seemed to be a change in our feelings, an indefinable though very perceptible something over the spirit of them, like the mutation of a gently proceeding dream. We were less gay, talked less, laughed less. It was evident that something new occupied our thoughts. Each with his glass—some three or four—was earnestly watching the little vessel, while those who were without these aids to their physical vision were passing from one to the other of the observers, inquiring what they saw. Our attention was first arrested by the enormous size of her sails; everything, too, was set, while our reefs were yet in, the weather still looking threatening. The captain was the first to break in upon a silence that had now been some time prolonged.

'He out-carries us,' he observed, speaking as if casually, and throwing his eyes with a seeming carelessness aloft—doubtful, perhaps, of exciting unpleasant feelings by a more serious air. 'Mr. M.' he continued, addressing the officer, 'call all hands,—shake the reefs out of our top-sails,—set the main-top-gallant-sail, and loose the mainsail and jib.'

'Ay-ay-sir,' was the quick reply; and the alacrity with which the order was obeyed, showed that there was some uncommon interest felt in the work.

From much chattering we now became strangely silent. Our eyes were kept steadily on the schooner; glasses were wiped and positions changed and re-changed, as if by every imaginable effort to see as much and as distinctly as possible. The number of her men had evidently increased. Four,—five,—six were aft; four were in the waist; as many forward; and a score were in her fore-rigging. Each observer of these testimonials to her real character spoke

hurriedly, without removing the glass from his eye, and was answered only by the short confirmatory ejaculation of another. New objects developed themselves.

'There is something amidships,' cried one, 'long, black, round, and covered with canvass.'

'I see it,' answered another, quickly; 'over the main-hatch—long, round, black!'

At this point, mere silent sensibility had attained its utmost. As if by a common volition, the glasses fell from our eyes as though it were little worth our while to look longer or for more; and gazing round, each seemed to await that from another which he dared not utter himself.

'I do not like her,' said the captain. 'She has the look of a knave—what do you think of her?'

Our misgivings once broached, the weight of an Atlas seemed removed from our bosoms, and our position became immediately the subject of cool discussion. She was pronounced *suspicious*; and the conclusion was as soon fallen upon that whatever she might be, if hostile, it was now too late to attempt escape by running. It would be difficult to board us in so heavy a sea;—perchance we might run her down—the risk to ourselves in such a case was but a choice of evils. It was determined that our only chance lay in an air of the most unflinching determination, and to this end we stood on. She was now about half-a-mile off, but heading directly for us, and her sails settling very low, it was impossible to see anything upon her deck. Men were running up and down her rigging, as if for observation. We were evidently an object of solicitude with them: and reversing the matter, I must own, they were equally so with us. Anxiety had now become suspense. Our little armory was open within the poop; pistols lay disposed upon the table, and muskets and cutlasses were in ample readiness around. Our men stood scattered, or moved silently from place to place with a

fidgety air, gazing intently on the little stranger, or anon glancing aft with a feeling natural to the ignorant, as if to read in the countenances of those to whom higher station had perhaps given quicker perceptions, that which they could not themselves discover; the blood coming and going in more faces than one. I never saw a ship so still! We talked and were silent! laughed, and were more silent than before! We remembered our dreams of fresh butter and new laid eggs, and called it a capital joke; but it would not take the complexion of a jest!

We approached. 'He is near enough,' cried one, 'to give us a shot,' and we started, as though we had seen the flash! At that moment he gave a 'yaw,' paying broad off;—our glasses flew instantly to our eyes; we could see his deck—see all!—six—seven men were on his quarter deck!—two forward!—a dozen or more *jackets and trousers* in the fore-rigging were hung out to dry, and the great gun amidships, huge as imagined thunder, resolved itself into a long black whaleboat bottom up!!

A few minutes later found us with the captain of a little sealer out of London for a guest; a hardy weather-beaten son of the ocean, commanding a vessel of eighty tons and eleven men, formerly the yacht of my lord somebody, I forget who, bound to as near the south-pole as ice and cold weather would allow him to go, and begging us to take letters for him, though by the way of India, as it would probably be his last opportunity before returning to the world again. It was odd how entirely every evidence of a belligerent propensity had succumbed to the better feelings of our nature!—the meal of the 'lean kine' was nothing to it! The muskets, cutlasses, and pistols had quietly taken themselves off, and though the last were indubitably loaded to the very muzzle, yet not one could be found to remember that he had any hand in the work!

'I thought,' said our friend, 'you

were a man-of-war, when you bore up; for everything had run away from me!"

'Yes,' we replied, 'we look a little rakish, and we reckon we might make a pretty good fight.'

A fine breeze had sprung up before he left us, and both filling away on the same course, the afternoon and evening saw the V., with a long, low, black schooner keeping close on her quarter!

Interments in Nuuanu Valley Cemetery,

AT HONOLULU, SANDWICH ISLANDS.

From the list of names reported by our Chaplain, we publish those who were natives of the United States.

—Wolley, Southampton, L. I., of whaleship Josephine, died Nov. 24, 1844. Nelson O. Hall, Concord, N. H., of whaleship Hannibal, Jan. 25, 1845. Thomas Day, of Hallowell, Me., ship Crown Princess, March 11, 1846. John Dewey, Hudson, N. Y., whaleship Splendid, March 22, 1845. Gilbert Jenney, New Bedford, Mass., master of ship Gov. Troup, May 5, 1845. Thomas Johnson, New York city, Aug. 15, 1845. Benj. Putman, Boston, Mass., Sept. 11, 1845. James Boyant, Connecticut, Oct. 18, 1845. Thomas Rendols, Mass., April 4, 1846. —Sweet, Rochester, N. Y., April 4, 1846. Mrs. Eunice H. Marshall, Charlestown, Mass., July 28, 1846. Clement Norton, Martha's Vineyard, Mass., master of ship Gustave, Aug. 24, 1846. John Wilbur, U. S., Sept. 1846. Percival Lester, Jonestown, Pa., Oct. 1, 1846. Mrs. H. F. Ten Eyck, Michigan, U. S., Nov. 5, 1846. John Niles, New York city, Feb. 1847. A. S. Taber, U. S., ship Wm. Tell, April 4, 1847. D. C. Higgson, Richmond, Va., May, 1847. Amos Ford, Boston, Mass., July 10, 1847. Henry Griswold, Weathersfield, Ct., master of ship Audley Clarke, Oct. 31, 1847. Henry Thompson, Staten Island, N. Y., ship Portland, Nov. 1847. Marga-

ret Harris, New York city, March 4, 1848. George Grant, Nantucket, Mass., ship Sarah Parker, April 14, 1848. Samuel A. Reynolds, Charlestown, Mass., Oct. 26, 1848. James Harley, U. S., Nov. 18, 1848. Elyneas Case, Shelter Island, ship Gem, Nov. 18, 1848. W. C. Cram, Bath, Me., ship Formosa. Charles Brockway, East Lyme, Ct., ship Friends, Nov. 26, 1848. Thomas Jackson, Greenport, L. I., Dec. 2, 1848. W. F. Summers, New York city, Dec. 8, 1848.

Our Chaplain adds, that frequent inquiries having been made, by surviving friends, has induced him to publish the above list, though he is apprehensive it may be imperfect, having but just entered upon the duties as Secretary of the above named institution. In future he intends to keep a true record of all interments.

From the Honolulu Friend.

DEATHS.

At U. S. Hospital, 25th ult. Mr. Thomas Ennis, belonging to Batavia, N. Y.

Killed by a whale in the Ochotsk sea, in August, Ammos C. Case, of ship Pocahontas, and formerly of ship Portsmouth. He belonged in Delhi, Delaware Co., N. Y.

Off Honolulu harbor, on board schooner "Thomas Martia," from California, Mr. Wm. F. Summers, belonging to New York city.

He came out on board the "Uncas," and about one year ago, was discharged sick, at this port. During the summer he partially recovered his health, and went to California, and while there he acquired some property. According to his "Last Will and Testament," the balance of his property was to be disposed of for charitable purposes, after his debts and funeral expenses should be paid. A gentleman in Honolulu was appointed his executor. By said executor, the sum of \$90 has been equally divided between the "Oahu Charity School" and the "Seamen's Chapel."

The remains of Mr. Summers were brought on shore and interred in the "Nuuanu Valley Cemetery." A marble stone is to be erected to his memory.

Drowned, Sept. 4, in the Ochotsk sea, by upsetting of the boat and getting entangled in the line, William King, aged 22 years, blacksmith of ship "Josephine." He belonged to East Hampton, L. I., and leaves a wife and child to mourn his untimely end.

Lost from on board Schr. John Allyre, May 23d, 1849, the second mate.

Killed by a whale or drowned, December 31, 1848, Mr. Isaac Hanson, a boat steerer belonging to the American whalership "Tuscarora." He is believed to belong to Hudson, New York.

For the Sailor's Magazine.

Deaths in the Seamen's Retreat,

STATEN ISLAND, NEW YORK.

From April 27th to July 27th, 1849.

	<i>Died.</i>	<i>Born.</i>	<i>Age.</i>
1	John Wright,	April 27th	Maryland; 38
2	Charles Burbank,	28th	St. Is'd, 63
3	John Smith,	30th	Sweden, 21
4	Joseph Nevin,	May 3d	Ireland, 15
5	George Bishop,	3d	Netherl'ds, 40
6	Montivil Higgins,	4th	Maine, 23
7	George B. Butler,	8th	Maryland, 23
8	Joseph Kennedy,	10th	Ireland, 36
9	Owens Ward,	14th	England, 20
10	Joseph Lang, (col'd)	17th	Mass., 20
11	Oswell Field,	18th	Conn., 18
12	John Hart,	2/7th	Ireland, 28
13	Wm. H. Getchell,	31st	Maine, 24
14	Edw'd Thompson,	June 2d	England, 24
15	Wm. Jackson,	6th	Sweden, 37
16	John Trask,	6th	— 28
17	Andrew Doll,	16th	Scotland, 16
18	Hiram Murphy,	22d	Maine, 23
19	Robt B. Kirby,	23d	Ireland, 31
20	John McBride,	28th	Ireland, 23
21	Anthony Vine,	July 2d	Nova Sco'a 49
22	Edw'd Harstad	4th	Prussia, 28
23	Alfred Celyer,	4th	Mass., 28
24	Wm. Sheley,	5th	N. Y., 26
25	Wm. Paine,	6th	N. Y., 45
26	Reuben F. Stetson,	13th	Conn., 38
27	John Mansfield, (col'd)	13th	N. Y., 36
28	Neil Thompson,	27th	Norway, 24

D. E. FRAMBES,
Chaplain.

August, 1849.

NATURAL VS. ACQUIRED HABITS.
 Cecco maintained that nature was more potent than art, while Dante asserted to the contrary. To prove this principle the great Italian bard referred to his cat, which by repeated practice, he had taught to hold a candle in its paw while he supped or read. Cecco desired to witness the experiment, and came not unprepared for the purpose. When Dante's cat was performing its part, Cecco lifted up the lid of a pot which he had filled with mice. The creature of art instantly showed the weakness of a talent merely acquired, and, dropping the candle, flew on the mice with all its instinctive propensity. Dante was himself disconcerted, and it was adjudged that the advocate for the occult principle of native faculties had gained his cause.—*Independent.*

The Gospel Ship.

A HYMN FOR SEAMEN.

The gospel ship's a gallant ship,
In river Time she lies;
For passengers she's waiting now;
Take passage, and be wise;
While others strike the rocks of wrath,
And sink to rise no more,
She'll safely pass the straits of death,
And reach the happy shore.
O! the gospel ship's a gallant ship,
A ship both safe and sound,
Who would not sail in the gospel ship?
For glory's land she's bound.

Her keel is perfect righteousness
That ever shall endure,
Salvation everlasting is
Her mighty bulwark sure;
Eternal love's her snow-white sail,
And truth her noble mast;
She's wafted by the Spirit's gate,
Nor fears the fiercest blast.
O! the gospel ship's, &c., &c.
Infinite Wisdom guides her course,
This is her compass true;
By angels manned, her skilful band,
A holy, happy crew:
Her chart the living faithful word
Of Him who cannot lie;
Her blood-stained banner waves aloft,
That all may it descry.
O! the gospel ship's, &c., &c.

Her Captain is Immanuel,
Jehovah's royal Son,
With uncreated glories crowned,
For Calvary's victories won;
For wisdom, courage, skill, and might,
There's none can Him excel;
He'll steer his vessel safe to port
In spite of earth and hell.
O! the gospel ship's, &c., &c.

Then come into the gospel ship,
Whoever will, may come;
For thousands, thousands are on board,
"And even yet there's room."
Come without money, there's no fare;
No terms can easier be,
Your passage money Jesus paid,
And you have passage free.
O! the gospel ship's, &c., &c.

But mark! the starting time's *to-day*,
And soon that time will fly—
To-day, to-day, we launch away
Into eternity;
Leave Sodom World without delay,
Her ruin's near at hand;
Sinners, obey the gospel call,
And sail for glory's land.

T. SHEARER.

For the Sailor's Magazine.

Solus Sum.

I am alone! this wide, wide world
Holds not a heart that beats for me,
I've seen my brightest hopes depart
As fades the twilight o'er the sea—
The ties that made existence dear
Have one by one been harshly riven,
And left me naught to wish or fear
But to renew those ties in heaven—
Yes, I have known a consort's love,
And heard her humble, earnest prayer,
That He who rules the world above,
Would guide my wayward footsteps there,
And O! the deepest, purest bliss
Would then pervade my inmost heart,
And I would deem delight like this
Too rich, too pure to e'er depart—
And I have known a father's care,
As child and child to us were given,
And with my partner thus to share
Blessings the best bestowed by heaven.
Then did I feel, if ever death
Should rend those tender ties in twain,
I'd gladly yield this fleeting breath
To join the loved and lost again.
But they are gone, and I am here,
A crushed and isolated thing,
With none, alas! to shed a tear.
O'er all this besom's suffering.
Cold, selfish world, and cruel too!
From all thy frowns I'll soon depart,
And bid your ills a last adieu,
To rest my weary, aching heart.
But cease, my soul! Why thus cast down?
Blessings are still in store for thee—
Such moanings ill become thy crown,
And ill become a man like thee.
Hope, hope on, and cheerful sing
Of better, happier days to come,
A winter ends, and comes the spring,
So shalt thou have a friend and home.

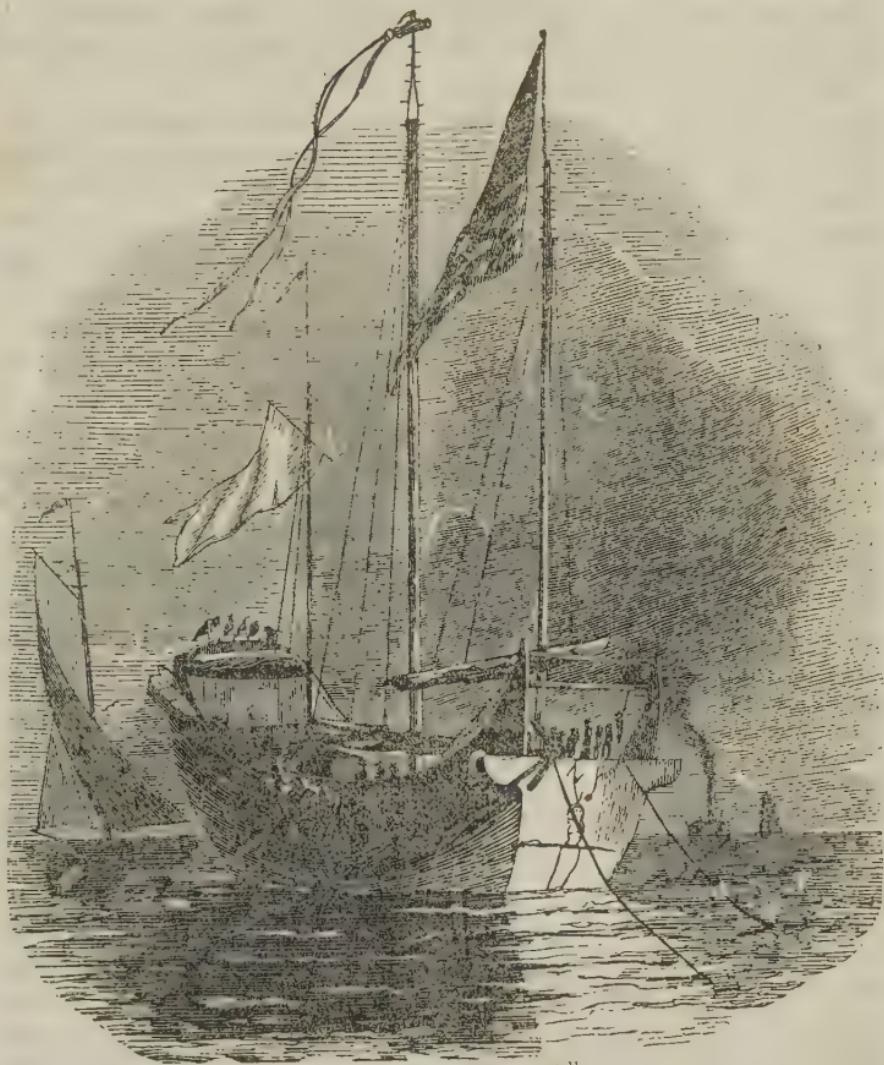
Still On!

Still on, still on, still on we sweep,
The swelling waves among;
The foaming of the restless deep
Aside is fearless flung.

Still on, still on we fleetly glide,
At evening and at morn;
Careering on an angry tide,
And wafted by the storm.

Still on!—and yet there seems no change,
No space as yet seems passed;
To-day the objects in our range
Are what they were the last;—
Above, the same pure fields of light;
Around, the same vast sea;—
Does not this shadow forth the flight
Of an eternity?

NEW YORK, OCTOBER, 1849.



Praiseworthy Liberality.

CANTON, May 23d, 1849.

MY DEAR BROTHER :

I have the pleasure of reporting to you the great liberality of the merchants of Canton, and others friendly to the cause of seamen. I trust that the benefits contemplated in their generous subscriptions will be more than realized, and that a Seamen's

Bethel at Whampoa will be productive of the present and eternal good of many a sea-faring man.

At a meeting of the subscribers, held at the house of Messrs. Olyphant & Co., yesterday, Paul S. Forbes, Esq. was called to the chair, and W. O. Baker, Esq. appointed Secretary. The prospectus I send you was made the basis of all subse-

quent actions, with a few alterations. Instead of five, it was resolved to have six Trustees, and these to be appointed annually. The Chaplain, representing the A. S. F. S., is a Trustee, *ex officio*.

The Trustees elected were Paul S. Forbes, Esq., Joseph Jardine, Esq., John Deret, Esq., G. H. Samson, Esq., T. W. L. MacKean, Esq., and R. P. Dana, Esq.

The Trustees are to have a meeting on the 25th, to make arrangements for the immediate construction of the Bethel.

In connection with the Bethel, I design to establish a Reading Room, so that such as are disposed may have a place where they can spend an hour rationally and profitably. You can render us essential aid in obtaining suitable papers and books for a Library. I wish you would make a formal application to the American Tract Society, for a complete set of their books. I shall make immediate application to the Religious Tract Society at London, for books. I think that the book-sellers in New York would give a donation of books if solicited. We will endeavor so to conduct the Reading Room that it shall not be a matter of expense to the Society.

But few ships in port at present. Last Sabbath had service on board the Valparaiso, Capt. Lockwood. The Rev. Mr. Dean, of Hong Kong, being present, pointed about sixty hearts to "the Lamb of God who taketh away the sins of the world."

I continue my list of subscriptions for the Bethel.

Jardine, Matheson & Co.	\$400	Olyphant & Co.	\$200
Dent & Co.	400	Augustine, Heards & Co.	200
Russell & Co.	400	W. Buckler,	100
Wetmore & Co.	400	F. T. Bush,	100
Nye, Parkin & Co.	300	F. B. Bailey,	50
Turner & Co.	200	Blenkin, Rawson & Co.	50
J. B. Endicott,	50	H. E. Gov. Bonham,	50
Rawle, Drinker & Co.	50	Rev. P. Parker, M.D.	50
W. O. Comstock,	50	Rev. Wm. Dean,	10
Jamieson, Edgar & Co.	50	Rev. J. I. Roberts,	10
J. D. Sword,	50	Rev. F. C. Johnson,	10
N. L. Ingols,	25	R. Strachan,	25
R. Brown,	25	W. O. Bokee,	25
W. D. Lewis,	20	J. E. Munsell,	25
And. Shortude,	10	C. J. F. Stuart,	10
Wm. Pustan,	10	S. W. Williams,	5
Cash, a friend,	50	Total,	\$3410

I had hoped to be able to visit the port of Shanghai this summer, but fear that the superintending the construction of the Bethel will prevent. In due time I will furnish you some statistical facts in relation to that port. A large number of English and American ships visit it yearly. Its trade is constantly increasing. I think the time is coming soon when a Chaplain will be much needed there.

My health is moderately good. Kind remembrances to all. Thanks for your attention in forwarding packages of papers.

I am sincerely yours,
GEO. LOOMIS, Seam's Chap.

Success to the Enterprise.

We have received a specimen number of a new weekly paper, to be entitled "THE EMIGRANT AND AMERICAN CITIZEN," to be published in Philadelphia and New York, as the organ of the Emigrant's Friend Society. Its object is thus set forth in the prospectus:—

"Emigration to the United States of America, every year increasing, involving as it does momentous interests at once to emigrants themselves, to the countries they leave, and to the land which they seek, seems imperatively to call for a *Journal*, which shall watch the mighty crowd, both in its egress and ingress, guard and protect it, notice its progress, and direct it for good. As an organ which shall represent the interests of foreigners seeking these Western shores to find a new and happier home for themselves and their children,—a vehicle for all such information as may be useful to those who are leaving, or may contemplate leaving their native land to emigrate hither—a medium of communication between the Old and New World, enlarging and perfecting mutual acquaintance and kind fellowship, it must be obvious to all that the *Emigrant*, conducted with intelligence, care, and fidelity, will prove incalculably valuable."

We have for some years occupied a position which has made us painfully acquainted with many of the multiplied and cruel frauds and extortions practised on Emigrants, as well as seamen, landing on our shores, and are prepared to give such a paper our *most hearty approval*. Office of publication 99 South Front street, Philadelphia; where emigrants are earnestly advised to call for valuable information and advice; as also at the office of the British Emigrant Protective Society, 17 Rector st. New York, or on John H. Griscom, General Agent of Commissioners of emigration, in one of the public edifices in the Park.

Sailor's Home, N. Y.

The following letter, from a shipmaster to a highly respectable merchant of this city, was handed us for perusal, which we with much pleasure lay before our readers.

NEW YORK, July 5, 1849.

DEAR SIR:

Being about to leave your port, I cannot do so without acknowledging your kindness in introducing me to Capt. E. Richardson, of the Sailor's Home, whose kindness to me, a stranger, has been such as I could not have expected. That institution, under his wise, kind and judicious management, is fitted to produce much good to seamen.

I have experienced the benefit of it. On my arrival here, several of my crew deserted, causing me to ship others before sailing. These I obtained from the Home. I required no notary, nor was there any charge for shipping them, (except by the British Consul.) They required no advance, they all came on board sober, and gave me no trouble. One handed me a gold watch to keep for him the passage. Would that all sailors would do this, and be free from landlords and shipping masters, and thus be free indeed. I do think this institution well worthy of the

support of all ship owners and masters. I hope you will do a like kindness to other British ship masters, that they also may experience that a Sailor's Home, when properly conducted, is really the thing to help sailors to raise themselves out of the low condition in which they have so long lain.

I am, dear sir,
Yours, much obliged,
THOS. HAMLIN, Jr.,
Ship Glasgow.

Signal Lantern.

A VALUABLE INVENTION has this year been patented by Capt. George Callard, of Buffalo, New York. It is a signal lantern of a cylinder form, and is so constructed that by simply turning a knob attached to the cylinder, every position in which a vessel may be placed may be shown in the night by different colored glasses. It is somewhat like the English Channel Signal Lantern, but much better, for utility, simplicity, and cheapness. It is intended to prevent the collision of vessels in the night; as the position of a vessel may be known, the way her head is, at a distance of 3 miles, in ordinary clear weather in the night. It has been successfully used on the lakes the present season, and is well recommended by masters of steamers and vessels who have used it; and it is hoped it will come into general use, as such a lantern has long been wanted.

Death at Sea.

Died, Oct. 21, 1848, on board of the U. S. brig *Dolphin*, in the Chinese sea, JAMES LARABEE, seamen, a native of Camden, Maine.

It was sad to see him waste away with the East India fever; and sorrowful to commit his body to the deep. He was ever respectful to his officers, kind to his shipmates, and beloved by all.

"It sometimes seems to me a dream,
That such a spirit is no more."

Swedish Sailor Missionary's Report.**EXTRACT.**

I got into conversation with a Norwegian captain, on board of his vessel, about what it is to be a christian. I inquired if he had a bible on board, if not, I would sell him one. He answered, he did not want any bible because he was a christian. Well sir, I said, have you the bible then? No, he said, but I have the church catechism and the prayer book, and that, he thought, was enough for a christian. I told him, that I thought his owners would not have entrusted him with the charge of a ship, if they knew that he was deficient in the knowledge of navigation—and to learn that art perfectly a man must study such books as are written by authors who are known to have understood the art well themselves. The bible being the only true chart and guide to the haven of eternal rest; that christianity that was not according to that book was very doubtful: himself would not venture to have the ship steered after an unsafe or doubtful compass. Ah! catechisms and prayer books were written by erring man; but the bible was perfect, as given by God, and therefore it was the height of folly. Possess and diligently study the bible, with prayer to God for his spirit's enlightening influence. He seemed to reflect on what I said, and bought the bible.

On board of a Swedish vessel, being ready for sea, and only detained on account of head winds, I conversed with them about the necessity of preparing to depart from this world. The captain and mate and a few of the crew assembled around me, and I had a fair opportunity of bearing testimony to the truth as it is in Jesus, from the word of God. They all listened attentively and apparently with deep interest.

I got into conversation one day with an intelligent young sailor, who possessed some learning. He thought divisions among christians

were caused by the epistles of St. Paul, which he thought ought not to have been inserted in the canon. I asked him if he acknowledged the other scriptures as having been given by divine inspiration. He thought they were, especially the gospels. I then desired him to show me any part of the epistle of Paul which differed, in respect to doctrine, from the writings of the four evangelists. He pointed to passages in the epistles to the Romans and Galatians, as teaching how we are justified by faith without the work of the law; and he thought they were contradicted by the Lord's sermon on the mount—recorded in Matthew. I pointed to the sixth chap. of the gospel of St. John and Luke xv, and other passages in the evangelists; and thought their passages were as much opposed to the Lord's sermon as ever the epistle of Paul, according to his way of thinking. According to my view of the subject, Paul did not make the law of none effect, but he established the law by showing us how poor sinful man may be reconciled to God, and his heart purified by faith in the atonement made by Christ for our sins. By this faith the Holy Ghost would create us anew in Christ Jesus, unto good works; and we would obey the law of God instead of hating and disobeying it.

We have had a great many people from the country, who are this summer emigrating to America, several hundreds have already gone and about three hundred are now in the city waiting for vessels to take them from their native land. We have been very anxious to provide them with bibles and good tracts; and several copies of the new testament have been given to the poorest among them. I am frequently among them, and have endeavored to exhort them to seek for the better country above. I had the privilege of having them assembled, last Sunday evening, in a large warehouse, where some of them lodge at present; and the Lord assisted me in preaching

Christ unto them, and to recommend them unto him, by prayer.

On board of a brig which has just gone off with a lot of passengers, who also have been provided with the word of God, the captain appears to be a pious man, and said he would conduct divine service with his crew and passengers. May the Lord bless his christian efforts with great success, to the conversion of souls.

We now meet three times on Sunday for divine worship, twice in my house and in the afternoon in the masthug, where seamen are invited to join us. My wife continues her sabbath school, which increases in interest through the blessings of God.

We have sold and distributed about 725 copies of the bible and new testament in three months, or since the commencement of April; and have distributed several thousand copies of tracts, in different languages. If we had a supply of English tracts we should be able to dispose of them to advantage.

I humbly subscribe myself the honorable Seamen's Friend Society's unworthy servant in the cause of the gospel of Jesus Christ,

F. O. NELSON.

GOTTENBURG, June 20th, 1849.

For the Sailor's Magazine.

Progress of Religion and Temperance in the Navy.

Brooklyn, Sept. 13, 1849.

MR. EDITOR:

I again with pleasure communicate a few facts in relation to the progress of temperance and religion, at our Bethel in Brooklyn, and among the seamen on board of our U. S. vessels, among whom I am called so frequently to labor. Since my last, July 13th, one hundred and seventy have been added to our temperance ranks, and we humbly trust, several have been truly converted to God. Meetings are regularly held on board of the U. S. ship

North Carolina, and well attended by sailors and citizens. The Cumberland frigate, which left our water, has not been overlooked in our efforts. She has a crew of four hundred men. Three hundred and twenty of which are temperance, and not a few praying men. It has been frequently remarked that a nobler crew never trod the deck of a man of war. The sloop of war Erie, lately sailed with a crew of temperance men, with the exception of some eight or ten. From one of these men I received a letter, which I herewith enclose. He tells his own story, which I think will interest your readers. I have several letters, received from seamen on board of various vessels in our navy, which are truly cheering to my soul, encouraging me to labor with renewed vigor, thanking God and taking courage.

Yours truly,

WILLIAM BURNETT,
Pastor of Brooklyn Bethel.

U. S. SLOOP OF WAR ERIE, }
Sept. 4th, 1849. }

REV. AND DEAR FRIEND:

I must tell you and others what the Lord has done for me. By the grace of God, I am what I am. On the 11th day of July, I left my home and friends, and entered into the service of my country, and I did enter it, oh! sad to tell, a hardened wicked sinner. For nine long years I had not entered a church, had not heard the blessed gospel preached, had not looked into a bible, had so long neglected the means of grace, had many times scoffed and reviled at religion and its professors; and yet, God in his great mercy spared my unworthy soul. Had he cut me off in my sins, how dreadful would have been my fate. But praised be the everlasting God, I am what I am. I trust by his grace, pardoned and rescued from eternal destruction, and oh! what joy is mine, to be en-

rolled amongst the followers of the Lord Jesus Christ.

But a few days after I entered the navy, I was taken down with the cholera; it was on Sunday, just after hearing a sermon from you, the first I had heard in nine years. I was taken to the Naval Hospital, and by the blessing of God, life was spared and health restored, but I kept putting off seeking for my soul's salvation until a more convenient season. When I returned to the North Carolina, I again attended your preaching. The text was Acts 16 chap. 30 v. "What must I do to be saved." The subject struck me with singular effect, and blessed results. I then and there resolved that I would serve God. After service tracts were distributed, and I obtained some. The first one I read, the title was, Do you love God? Conviction deepened, prayer was offered in the sincerity of my heart, and I verily believe answered through the merits of the blessed Redeemer, and that night before I closed mine eyes in sleep in my hammock, I had found peace with God. No tongue can tell nor express my joy and happiness. I henceforth cast off all sinful practices and pleasures so called, and give myself entire, soul and body to the service of Almighty God. I am saved! I am saved! My heart is full. God bless you, sir, and all who labor for the salvation of the sailor. I hope to be able soon to tell you joyful news of the conversion of several of my shipmates. And now, dear father in Christ, farewell, farewell, and may you be the honored instrument in God's hands of the salvation of very many souls is my prayer and heart's desire.

I remain your sincere friend and servant,

D. S.

REV. WILLIAM BURNETT, Brooklyn.

P. S. Please send a copy of this to my aged mother at Catskill P. O., Greene county. It will do her so much good. My best respects to Capt. and Mrs. Sands, and all my christian friends.

Yours, D. S.

Death of the Rev. Mr. Cooper.

Our readers generally will be pained to learn that this excellent man died of cholera at Carey, Wyandott Co., a few days since. Mr. Cooper was well known in this community, highly esteemed by all, and deeply beloved by the members of his own church, and the sailors in particular. He was the Bethel Clergyman here during the last year, having been for two years previous to that time stationed at Perrysburgh. His loss will be deeply deplored. In addition to his many virtues as a Christian minister and gentleman, he was a kind-hearted, benevolent man, living always in the exercises of those many virtues, which could not fail to endear him to all who knew him. He ardently loved his fellow men; his God, he loved supremely. In his humble but responsible calling as a Bethel Clergyman, he labored hard and devotedly, and soon succeeded in establishing both here and at Sandusky City, churches which were soon blessed with well filled congregations, composed of the sailors, and Canal boatmen. These will long stand as enduring monuments of his faithfulness in the cause of his master.—*Toledo Blade.*

Rev. N. W. Fisher.

This excellent man, and faithful pastor of the Congregational church in Sandusky City, Ohio, and active friend of the sailors, has also fallen by the cholera.

The dear brother! how sweet are the reminiscences of associated labor with him on the banks of the Ohio, and in the new settlements of Ohio years ago! Together we have broken bread, and prayed, and preached, in the log cabin, in the forest, and in the humble house erected for the worship of God. And together, shall we not praise Him above?—*Editor S. Magazine.*

The Bible among Seamen.

Extracts from the monthly Report of L. P. HUBBARD, Agent of the New York Bible Society.

The total number of Bibles and Testaments distributed by your Agent and the Marine Committee the past month is 891, in the following languages, viz. English, Portuguese, Arabic, Spanish, French, Dutch, German, Danish, Italian, and Swedish.

The number of vessels up for California is quite limited at present. I have supplied thus far 125 with Bibles and Testaments.

April 2. Visited among the shipping in the East River—found the brig—— bound out without a bible in her forecastle. I had some conversation with the crew, and was satisfied that they would gladly have purchased the scriptures if they had the means. One of them remarked, “It is a pity to have the bible go away for the want of two shillings.” I thought so too, and gave them the book, for which they expressed many thanks.

April 6. Visited new ships Constellation and Guy Mannering, two of the largest ships in port; supplied also ship and bark, the captain of the latter is a pious man, and takes a deep interest in bible distribution.

8th. (Sunday.) Visited among the boarding-houses this morning. At one of them two French sailors were playing cards; after a kind admonition they laid them aside. I supplied several with the scriptures, distributed Tracts in different languages, and induced some to go to the sanctuary.

14th. Visited and supplied bark and schooner with the scriptures; they are both to take passengers for the gold regions. The Capt. of the E. took me aft and showed me a case he had ordered, fitted up for a library, and seemed to take more than ordinary interest in the moral improvement of the men placed under his care.

19th. Visited among the boarding

houses. I sold two bibles and several testaments, and gave tracts in different languages, which were thankfully received. A man having the appearance of a gentleman came into a house in James slip to ship some men. His language to the seamen was most profane. I rebuked him for using such language, and handed him the Tract entitled the “Swearer’s Prayer,” which he accepted.

20th. Visited among the shipping to-day—sold several Bibles and Testaments, and gave several; tracts were also thankfully received. Had a very pleasant interview with a pious sailor, who introduced a friend as a brother in the Lord, and added, “I hope you will be as kind to him as you have been to me.”

21st. In my visits to-day supplied ship—with Bibles for cabin and forecastle. Two Schooners were also found destitute and supplied.

23d. Supplied a ship for Liverpool and some smaller vessels that I found destitute. It was cheering to meet a sailor who felt interested in my labors, and welcomed me as a christian brother, while some lightly esteemed the Word of God.

25th. Visited numerous vessels to-day, most of which were supplied with the scriptures, but some of the seamen thankfully received the Word of God. The Captain of the Melville is a pious man, and my interview with him was a very pleasant one; he purchased a Bible and several Testaments. He said he should be happy to see me on board his vessel at any time.

29th. Sunday.—Visited as usual among the seamen this morning, dispensing the scriptures and tracts, and inviting them to the sanctuary. I had a very interesting interview with a colored sailor, who had recently been shipwrecked, and lost his Bible; he received the scriptures very thankfully.

Thus we are sowing beside all waters, seed that is already springing up, and bearing precious fruit to the praise and glory of God.

The Cause of Seamen in France and China.

Recent letters from our Chaplains give us the following gratifying information.

HAVRE. Says the Rev. E. E. Adams, Chaplain, "We are going on happily. Never since we came have we had so many American vessels in port at once as now. Yesterday there were sixteen Captains and six of their wives at church, besides mates and sailors. Our Congregation is very good."

BORDEAUX. The Rev. J. L. Schiep, Chaplain.

Mr. S. expresses the grateful acknowledgments of the Committee at Bordeaux for the appropriation made by the American Seamen's Friend Society to aid him in his work; speaks of the importance of such Evangelical labors in the midst of a depraved modern Christianity, and of the encouragements to continuance in well doing. He promises shortly to send a full report of his labors among the seamen.

CANTON. Rev. George Loomis, Chaplain.

Letters have been received from this important Chaplaincy to as late a date as June 22; informing us of the completion of a subscription of some **SIX THOUSAND DOLLARS**, made by the generous liberality of seamen and residents in Canton for the purpose of establishing a floating Bethel at Whampoa. It will be 120 feet long and 34 feet wide inside; it will contain rooms for the residence of the Chaplain, a Reading Room for seamen, and a Chapel commodious enough to seat 300 persons. It will probably be finished about the 1st of November. Nobly done! such liberality on the part of seamen and

friends of the cause in Canton deserves grateful acknowledgments, and is highly encouraging to the friends at home.

In this connection we are glad to record a similar liberality for enlarging and refitting the Seamen's Chapel and Reading Room at Honolulu. So also in other places; seamen and landsmen are thus provoking one another unto love and good works.

Loss of the American Whaleship "United States."

This vessel sailed from United States December 10, 1845, and had taken 700 barrels sperm and 1700 barrels whale oil. In November, 1848, she left Lahaina, run down to Fanning's Island for wood and water. There she took on board the family of Mr. Foster, and that of his son-in-law, Mr. Halsted, 13 passengers in all, and was bound to Sunday Island. On the 13th of December passed the Navigator Islands, where three sperm whales were taken. On the morning of the 20th December, in that region of the ocean where there are no sunken reefs or rocks, if the charts are correct, the vessel was stove and in five minutes filled and sunk. It was 3 o'clock in the morning when the sad catastrophe took place.—The spot where she was stove was about 57 miles N. W. of Tongataboo. In the few moments allowed for getting clear of the wreck all were successful, except four children of Mr. Halsted, who were drowned. Capt. Worth and his boat's crew, after 28 hours of hard rowing, succeeded in reaching Tongataboo. The mate, Mr. Creasy, with the remainder of the crew and surviving passengers, succeeded in reaching a small island about 20 miles distant, where they remained two days, and for want of provisions put away for Tongataboo.

Capt. Worth and his ship's company received every attention from the Rev. Mr. Webb, an English Wesleyan Missionary residing in

Tongataboo. We are requested by Capt. Worth to bear his public testimony to the kind attentions which he received from both the Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Webb.

In the account of the wreck furnished by Mr. Creasy for the Sandwich Island *News*, he gives his opinion that the vessel struck a rock. Capt. Worth is of opinion that the vessel was stove by a whale. Capt. W. and his mate left Tongataboo in the French Sch. "Clarion," and after a passage of 28 days reached Tahiti.

Acknowledgment.

Report of Subscriptions for Seamen's Bethel, at the port of Canton. (Continued.)

The "Strabo."—Capt. S. B. Hussey, \$15—1st officer W. H. Thissell, 3—2d officer W. H. Thissell, 2—Carpenter, T. Peters, 2—Cook, B. Lathrop, 2—Seamen, T. Miscou, 1—W. F. Wright, 1—T. M'Coy, 1—J. C. Thompson, 1—G. W. Drew, 1—J. Smith, 1—E. Shudan, 1—S. Delamer, 1—L. Dodge, 1—P. Santiago, 1—A. S. Francisco, 1. Total, \$35.

The "Valparaiso."—Capt. B. Lockwood, \$40—Ship, 15—Passenger, J. Colgate, 5—Passenger, T. B. Biddle, 3—1st officer, Wm. H. Adams, 10—2d officer, H. Higgins, 5—Daniel King, 5—John Lindley, 3—N. Whitmore, M. Richerson, E. W. Smith, Geo. Seaman, Geo. Wilson, T. Brown, C. W. Kerlin, S. W. Miller, each 2—C. Miller, W. Grimes, J. Christianson, P. Weaver, F. Brown, A. Johnson, H. Pope, N. Johnson, N. Anderson, W. Greene, F. Rosairo, F. Josey, each 1. Total, \$114.

Brig "Glide."—Capt. E. C. Waterman, \$25—Brig, 5—1st officer, James Coomick, 5—2d officer, C. Giddings, 8—J. Donovan, 1 50—H. Galinda, 2—J. K. Arshaft, 1 50—Afoe, Chinese steward, 2. Total, \$50.

The "Ann Martin."—Capt. E. Martin, \$10—1st officer, W. Benson, 1—Crew, 6 25. Total, \$17 25.

The "Francis Whitney."—Capt. J. B. Fisk, \$15.

The "Cygnet."—Capt. R. P. Holmes, \$20—1st officer, B. Strout, 10—2d officer, A. Buckley, 5—Steward, J. Spalls, 2 50—Cook, R. Harris, 1—Carpenter, M. Sillquist, 1—Seamen, John Martin, 3—W. Brown, 3—T. Treadaway, S. Robinson, F. Pinkerton, each 2—F. Mitchell,

W. Lancaster, J. D. Moore, G. Griffin, W. E. Taylor, J. A. Spillett and James Halstead, each 1—J. Johnson, 1. Total, \$59 50.

The "Kensington."—Capt. D. Baxter, \$20—1st officer, N. Crowell, 5—2d officer, G. W. Crowell, 3—E. Johnson, 1 50—W. Gaty, C. Drew, R. B. Hallett, J. Brown, W. Stevens, F. Riley, W. Baker, R. M'Deimot, J. Williams, each \$1. Total, \$38 50.

The "Heber."—Capt. J. W. Patterson, \$20—1st officer, W. Weir, 5—R. Risbrough, L. Cooper, R. Wallace, each \$3—D. Scott and J. Bradbury, each 2—J. Harrison, C. Shutzey, W. Hughs, J. Busky, Geo. Smith, J. Peters, C. Muller, J. Robinson, J. Ross, W. Johnson, G. N. Christy, each 1—ship, 11. Total, \$60.

The "Horatio."—Capt. J. W. Crocker, \$15—1st officer, M. A. Crusy, 5—2d officer, J. A. Haines, 2—C. Gilbert, 3 50—E. Wicks, 3—F. Smith, 3—J. Davis, 2—C. Bacon, D. Fraizur, F. Smith, T. Colton, R. Fillpot, L. Granger, C. Piller, W. Johnson, Geo. Erwin and W. Sterling, each 1. Total, \$43 50.

The "Ariel."—Capt. J. S. Copp, \$25—1st officer, J. Wood, 5—2d officer, W. B. Robinson, 3—The carpenter, 2 50—The steward, 2—W. M'Ginnis, 2—G. C. Powers, 1—J. Wilson, 1—W. Waterhouse, 1. Total, \$42 50.

GEORGE LOOMIS.

March 26, 1849.

ACCOUNT OF MONEY'S.

From August 15th to Sept. 15th, 1849.

Directors for Life by the Payment of Fifty Dollars.

Rev. John Humphrey, by individuals in Pres. Ch'h, Binghamton, N. Y.	\$48 81
Rev. Mr. Fessenden, by Cong'l Soc'y, Homer, N. Y.	62 28
Rev. Joseph Belcher, by Ladies S. F. Soc'y, East Thomaston, Me. (in part)	20 00
<i>Members for Life by the Payment of Twenty Dollars.</i>	

Edward Avery, Wooster, Ohio	20 00
Rev. Rowland Ayres, by Ladies S. F. Soc'y of First Relig. Soc'y, Hadley, Mass.	20 00
Miss Sophia Smith, do	
(balance)	10 00
Deacon Elisha C. Brewster, by Cong'l Ch. & Soc'y, Bristol, Ct.	22 00
Deacon Chas. G. Ives, do	22 50

Kinsley Twining, of Middlebury, Vt. by S. W. Magill, of Athens, Geo.	20 00	Hopkinton Cong'l Soc'y, Town- send, Mass. (balance)	5 00
Rev. Aldace Walker, by Cong'l. Soc'y, West Rutland, Vt.	27 28	Baptist Soc'y. (Mr. Jenning's) Worcester, Mass.	14 00
E. S. Barstow, by Trint'n Ch'h and Cong'n, Walpole, N. H.	34 00		
Mr. Brooks, by Cong'l. Ch'h and Soc'y, Westmoreland, N. H.	20 00		
Mrs. Susan C. Foster, by Fem. S. F. Soc'y, East Bradford, Mass.	20 00		
Mrs. P. R. White, by First Ch'h, Southampton, Mass. (balance)	16 00		

Donations.

Center Cong'l Soc'y, Meriden, Ct.	6 00
Cong'l Ch'h and Soc'y, Cheshire, Ct.	27 00
Baptist Ch'h, Bristol, Ct.	10 00
Cong'l Soc'y, Lyme, Ct.	12 22
Center Ch'h, Hartford, Ct. (in ad- dition)	22 50
South Cong'l Soc'y, Woodbury, Ct.	20 00
North do do (in part)	19 00
First Cong'l Soc'y, Litchfield, Ct.	55 28
Cong'l Soc'y, Washington, Ct.	26 31
South Cong'l Soc'y, N. Brittain, Ct.	46 00
First Cong'l Soc'y, New Brittain, Ct. (in part)	12 16
Miss E. Shaats, N. Y.	1 00
First Cong'l Soc'y, Plymouth, Ct.	23 00
Cong'l Soc'y, Terryville, Ct.	16 00
Rev. Moses Kimball, Dracut, Mass.	2 00
C. A. Cook, Geneva, N. Y.	5 00
D. W. C. Olyphant, New York	25 00
Mrs. Susan Fox, New London, Ct.	10 00
Meth. Epis. Ch'h, Fort Edward,	11 68
First Pres. Ch'h, Philadelphia, Pa. (in addition to \$90 for L. D. and L. M. and \$122 75 paid Pa. S. F. Soc'y)	50 75
John H. Hurtin, New York	5 00
Harriet Griffing, Richmond, Mass.	1 00
An old sailor, New York	5 00
Individuals, Chenango Forks, N. Y.	16 50
do Castle Creek, N. Y.	6 00
do Meth. E. Ch'h, Bing- hamton, N. Y.	17 77
Bethel service, on R. Road Bridge, Binghamton, N. Y.	8 15
C. Shaffer, New York	1 00
Baptist Ch'h, Homer, N. Y.	7 88
A lady, do	13
Union Meeting, Cortlandville, do.	11 06
Meth. Epis. Ch'h, Canandaigua,	8 28
Cong'l Soc'y, Meredith Bridge, N. H.	4 50
Rev. A. P. Tenney's Ch'h and Soc'y, Concord, N. H. (in part)	12 51
Rev. N. Boutin's Ch'h and Soc'y, Concord, N. H.	13 17
Orthodox Cong'l Soc'y, Townsend, Mass.	19 00

Hopkinton Cong'l Soc'y, Town- send, Mass. (balance)	5 00
Baptist Soc'y. (Mr. Jenning's) Worcester, Mass.	14 00
	\$919 27

Havre, France.

Pew Rents	francs 71 50
Mr. Johnson	100 00
Mr. Perry	125 00
Collections at Church	166 00
Packet ship Missionary box	2 00

F. 464 50

Sailor's Home, N. Y.

Ladies Seam. Fr'd Soc'y, Hopkinton, Mass., received in April last 1 bed quilt, 1 cradle quilt, 4 flannel shirts, 2 pair flannel drawers, 5 pair socks, 3 cotton shirts, 4 sheets, 12 towels, 5 pair pillow cases, 1 pair pants, valued at \$21 75.

Acknowledgment.

Subscriptions for the purchase of a Sailor's Home at Mobile.

Ala. Life Ins. and Trust Company, Mobile	\$250 00
Steamer "Sunny South"	8 00
Padelford and Fay	10 00
Louis S. L. Bourgeois	5 00
James Urguhart	5 00
J. A. Shaw	1 00
Cash	1 00
H. P. Stephens	2 00
Aristarchus Champion	25 00
E. Peck	5 00
Edward Richardson	25 00
G. Hallock	10 00
John Henry & Co.	50 00
Eagle & Hazard	25 00
Capt. Jos. Hall	10 00
R. P. Buck	5 00
E. Coffin	5 00
N. and W.	5 00
Howes, Godfrey & Co.	5 00
S. W. Lewis	5 00
E. D. Hurlbut	5 00
Mobile Packets	50 00
Brown, Bro's & Co.	25 00
Edward Woolsey	50 00
R. S. Fellows	10 00
Alfred Edwards	10 00
Phelps, Dodge & Co.	10 00
Garrat Noel Blecker	5 00
E. P. Sanderson	5 00
Geo. Shannon	1 00

ALEXANDER M'GLASHAN,
Seamen's Chaplain, Mobile,

Sept. 15, 1849.